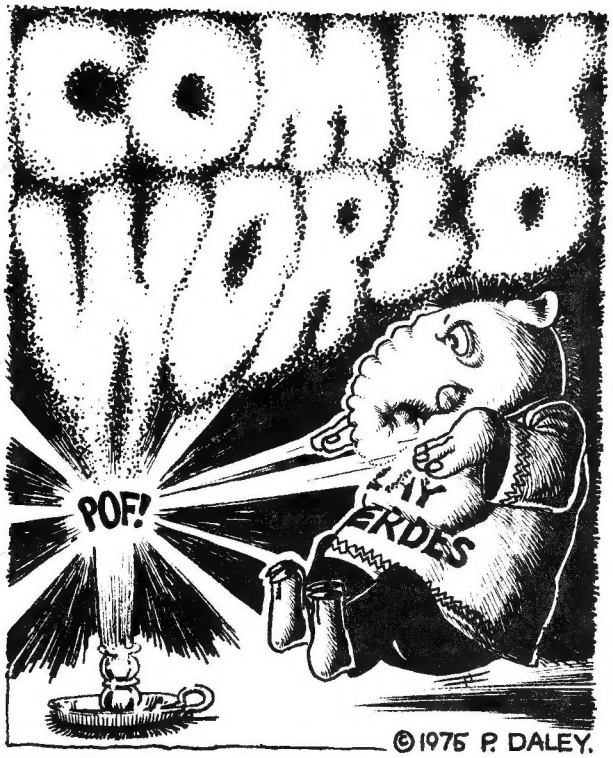

In the Bay Area, animated black and white cartoons may be seen at Intersection, 756 Union St, San Francisco; at Renaissance Rialto, 841 Gilman St., Berkeley, Ca, and often at Pacific Film Archive in Berkeley. For antique mags I recommend The Magazine, 839 Larkin St S. F. As the most complete chronology and bibliography for comic students, see Reitberger/Fuchs: COMICS: ANATOMY OF A MASS MEDIUM. Query CLAY GEERDES re lectures, programs, or workshops.

NO, LISSEN, JADA. YOU'VE SAVED US ONCE. IT ISN'T RIGHT FOR YOU TO RISK YOUR NECK FOR US AGAIN. OLD HUDSON'D FORGIVE YOU. YOU GOTTA GO BACK TO HIM WHILE WE——
WHAT! GO BACK TO THAT BIG-NOSED BABOON? RETURN TO SLAVERY? NEVER!
FOR YEARS I HAVE DREAMED OF FREEDOM. NOW, I AM FREE—FREE! I HAVE CAST ASIDE THE VEIL, AND THIS IS AS MUCH MY FIGHT AS YOURS.
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. © 1926, BY NEA SERVICE, INC.

The serious student of comic art, whether he thinks of himself as a comicologist, panelologist, triviologist, or hard-core nostalgia freak, must consider the social context in which his subject matured and developed. Comics were free when they first began in the 1890's, because no formulae had been established for them. Luna Press, Box 1049, Brooklyn, N. Y. 11202 has made available two important books on our subject. One is Coulton Waugh's The Comics (1947), the other a compilation of the early work of Royston Crane by Gordon Campbell and Jim Ivey, WASH TUBBS: THE FIRST ADVENTURE COMIC STRIP. What one gets in Waugh is the flavor of the early period. The dates and the facts are there, but more important is the tone and the attitude, the optimism and warmth through which they are presented. The Comics tells the story of the first group of successful cartoonists, strip artists like Harold Gray, Elsie Segar, Roy Crane, Milton Caniff, and Hal Foster who were able, via syndication of their work, to become millionaires. The same would have been true of the underground artists of the late sixties had they received pay for their work, but the Underground Press Syndicate worked in a different manner. It was designed to circulate free information and to help small papers get started. As a result, any story or comic strip which appeared in any one paper could be reprinted free by all of the other members of the syndicate. This system made young artists like Robert Crumb and Gilbert Shelton famous, but hardly rich. The politics and the social milieu were different in the two periods and the goal of the strip artists was to find a successful formula, sell it to the syndicate (formed in 1913), and become as rich as Chic Young or Chet Gould; the goals of the underground artists varied, but few would have said they wanted to find successful formulae and get rich.

The WASH TUBBS strip reflects the values of Crane's time. In the early days (It began in April, 1924) when it was a gag strip, the women were strong. Characters like Tango, the tiger tamer, dominated the strip and men were frequently depicted as physically small. Wash Tubbs always makes me think of Louisa Alcott's Little Men, a novel which reflected the Victorian conception of children as miniature grown-ups. Wash joins a circus and the strip develops into a new area when he is hurt by a tiger. In the hospital, the readers begin to worry about him as they did about Annie (which began the same year and probably has as much claim to being the first adventure strip as Tubbs) and the suspense is on. The student of strip art ought to study this book carefully. It's $6, nicely bound, and the Waugh history is $5. Those of you who are interested in the serious study of comic art may keep up on all recent courses and programs and publications via COMIX WORLD.

1-28-75

SO IT'S A LOTTA BUNK ABOUT YOUR TIGER LADY BEIN' SUCH A RIP-SNORTING WILDCAT, EH?
Y'DERN BETCHA! ANYBODY AS DELICATE AN' FEMININE AS TANGO, DANGEROUS? IMPOSSIBLE!

CLAY GEERDES
915 INDIAN ROCK ROAD
BERKELEY, CA 94707

COMIX WORLD is an information newsletter read by every major artist, dealer and publisher.

A Subscription is $3.00 for 12 issues.

A complete set of back issues is $3.00. This includes the first 20 newsletters.

Clay Geerdes' Comix World

MEEF 2 is all Fred Schrier. A nice head comic. Lot of visual trips. In "The Electronic Music Concert," today's audience is confronted with the music of the future. Fine satire. Other nostalgic themes include Theatre of the Absurd (1960), and Zen (late fifties). This comic is a reflection on the past, & does not contain any contemporary references. The artist was in the Peace Corps in 1970-72 & did not see the end of the 60's the way those of us who lived here did. MEEF is 24 pages at 50¢ (like Lynch's NARD N' PAT), but this is not the burn some say it is. ZAP 7 has come out at 75¢ and ARMAGEDDON 3 at $1. We can expect all prices to be higher this year as inflation hits the comix along with everything else. We can expect a lot more nostalgia as well. The new ZAP is nothing new to regular readers and with the exception of Crumb's material it has a depressing tone throughout. The heads of the artists seem to be in different places now and, to me, the spirit of the book has been lost. I think if Crumb had had his way back in the beginning, ZAP would have become an anthology of the best art in America, but his desire to let a lot of new artists into the trip was vetoed by others and he wasn't into hassling about it so he split after three issues and did his books on his own, spreading them around to all of the companies. The story is all contained in an interview published in the first issue of INSIDE COMICS & I won't rehash it here. . . . The reprint of ALL CANADIAN BEAVER COMIX is out from Last Gasp Eco-Funnies. It's comic sex and anti-repression (all of the comix have been supressed in Canada, which has upset cartoonists like Rand Holmes.) & contains work by Rand Holmes and Brent Boates. The Holmes material stars his Harold Hedd. I talked to Holmes last week and saw the finished art for the cover of SLOW DEATH 6, a nice science fiction trip which will remind you of Wally Wood. Rand's story, "Raw Meat," originally scheduled for SKULL 7 will run in SD 6. His next story concerns a female barbarian who, he says, will go beyond Mike Royer's Anniki (HIGH ADVENTURE). This is the one for Bob Sidebottom's BARBARIAN 4. Trina has agreed to do 10 pages for the same book. Her GIRL FIGHT 2 comes out in May. Bob says BARBARIAN 3 and CALIFORNIA 1 are due out this week (March 30) so if they aren't, drop him a note at 73 East Fernande in San Jose & ask him why they aren't. He loves mail.

STAR REACH #1 is the beginning of an alternative trip for Mike Freidrich, and it might help some of the Marvel artists to get out of their rut. A few intend to try it, evidentally. The first issue has art by Jim Starlin and Howie Chaiken and Steve Skeates. Mike got the backing and formed a company to produce the book, which will become a series if #1 sells. . . . There is a rumor floating around that Marvel Boss Stan Lee has been discussing the production of a Marvel "underground" with Denis Kitchen of Krupp. . . . . Michael J. and Shelby are working on NET PROFIT, which is one aspect of a larger project designed to save the remaining whales and dophins from extinction. Seems tuna fishermen often catch dolphins in their nets & just kill them and dump them rather than trying to put them back into the ocean. There's an eco-bummer. . . . A new one by S. Clay Wilson soon. It's called PORK. . . . Comics continue to infiltrate the academy: Thomas Inge is teaching a course on American Comic Art at Virginia Commonwealth U. (3/21-5/9). Art Speigelman is teaching at the Academy of Art on Sutter in S. F. Trina has a course going at Everett Jr. High, and Lee Marrs is at Laney two nights a week. My own seminar on the History of American Comics has been approved by the English dept. at UC. July 26-28. Guest speakers include: Dick Lupoff, Don Ault, Trina, Shelby, Lee Marrs, and Tom Andrea. . . . .

NOTE TO FANS:

PRICES ARE ALL GOING UP. WHEN YOU SEE THE STICKERS ON YOUR COMIX, THEY WERE PLACED THERE BY THE PUBLISHERS. IF THERE IS MORE THAN ONE STICKER, IT MEANS YOUR HEAD SHOP IS OUT TO MAKE A BIGGER PROFIT. SOME STORES MAY STICKER COMIX NOW IN PRINT. IF YOU KNOW WHERE TO GET ANY 50-CENTERS, BETTER GRAB THEM FAST.

Because underground comix do not have letters columns, the books tend to be a one-way form of communication, and the only way anyone can find out what others are thinking about the fantasies in them is to read the occasional articles which appear in fanzines or underground papers. Believe me, there is a lot of public feeling about the ugs; it just doesn't appear in print, and that's only logical given the attitude of the media toward comics in general. We're in 1974 now, and there is a new readership for the ugs which never saw the psychedelic world which stimulated the acceptance of ZAP. For the new reader, "head comix" are strange territory. I lived on Ashbury Street in the Haight from 1965-68, and I remember the way people reacted to the art then. We would see the latest Wes Wilson or Mouse-Kelly poster for the Fillmore concert of the week and we'd stand in Mnasidika or Wild Colors or In-Gear or the Blushing Peony Skinnidippin or in the Psychedelic Shop run by the Thelan brothers and we'd just try to figure out the letters. On acid or speed the meaning of the art was not in question; it was clear. The San Francisco ORACLE (born Sept. 10, 1966) would appear on the street sometime during the week and it would be covered with head art, the incredible design work done by artists stoned on speed. Only a few of the poster artists turned to comix when the poster trip began to wane in 1969, guys like Jaxon, Shelton, Irons, & Rick Griffin to name a few; the others went into advertising or left the Bay Area to do other things. Living on the street at the time, we saw the art evolve from posters & ads in the up papers into comic pages & finally into comix, and the comix we were reading then were drawn by Joel Beck. He did three: LENNY OF LAREDO, MARCHING MARVIN: THE RED WATCHER, and THE PROFIT. The Print Mint published them.

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915 Indian Rock Rd.
Berkeley Ca 94707
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THE LAST COMIC BOOK

ARMAGEDDON
BARNEY
DR. HARLAN MARCUM, INSTRUCTOR IN PHILOSOPHY AT JOHN CONNTICUT UNIVERSITY, WAS SPENDING HIS VACATION PANNING FOR GOLD. AT THE END OF A PROFITABLE DAY HE WAS PREPARING TO CLEAN UP, EAT SUPPER, AND RETIRE TO AN EVENING OF READING AND CONTEMPLATING HIS FAVORITE PHILOSOPHER — ARISTOTLE.
ACROSS THE STREAM ON A LEDGE ABOVE HARLAN A GIRL NAMED RUBY SIMSON RECLINED IN THE SUNBEAMS. SHE WAS A DOCTOR OF CHEMISTRY ON VACATION, ENJOYING THE WILDS.
HARLAN DID NOT KNOW SHE HAD JUST BEEN HIRED AT THE UNIVERSITY, AND DID NOT SEE HER ON THE LEDGE ABOVE, WATCHING HIM.
A STAIN OF ROSE RADIATING UNDER HER SKIN WAS FRESH, VITAL. THE GOLDEN-ROSE QUALITY DOMINATED HER COUNTENANCE IN VARYING DEGREES, CONTRASTING HER BLUE-BLACK HAIR, FLUXING WITH HER MOOD, YET AN AURA STREAMING AWAY FROM HER WAS NOT GOLDEN OR ROSY: IT WAS SHARP EDGED, LIKE JEWELS SPILLING INTO MOLTEN PLATINUM, LIKE DAYBREAK, INTENSIFIED EVEN MORE BY HER EMERALD-DIAMOND EYES. HER AURA BATHED EVERY THING WHEREVER SHE WENT. AN ARTIST WHO HAD PASSED HER ONCE STOOD, WONDERSTRUCK AS HE THOUGHT
"...LET THERE BE LIGHT..."
I WONDER IF THAT MAN OVER THERE WILL GET MY CHERRY PIE.

CLAY GEERDES

Call him Barney. Steele is his last name. The man of steel. A reincarnated Jack London moving around the earth looking for his center. A friendly, fast-talking Scorpio (November 6, 1938) who wears black leather jackets and drives a big gray monster of a Buick. In his novel in progress, he's out to breathe some new life into superheroism. "In my book, the bad guys get killed and the hero and heroine come out winners in the end." Hemingway, Hammett, Chandler, Stout, Macdonald and Steele.

"Oh, you're the deep sea diver from Texas," said Michele Brand.

We were at Roger Brand's apartment in the Mission district. Barney was reading Brand's originals for the second issue of *Tales of Sex and Death*. We drank some beer and talked about the EC Convention held in New York last month. Barney's initiation into the world of Underground comix and the intricate network of artists and publishers now located in the Bay Area.

Steele was born in Hamilton, Ohio. He went to Hamilton High where his homeroom teacher tried to straighten him out at the age of 14. Seems Barney had drawn most of his *Armageddon* book in pencil and was showing it around when the teacher decided to lay a little heavy puritanism on him. He confiscated the art and knocked the young artist around — yeah, rural teachers get off on treating their students like they are apprentice recruits in a military training camp.

Which Barney was, but not until 1961 when he was in San Diego training to be an underwater demolition expert (those are the frogmen, the guys who de-fuse the mines like those that are now floating around in Haiphong Harbor). He split from high school early and by 1958 he was in the Merchant Marines as an able seaman doing a tour of the Far East. He did some drawing and painting while he was at the base in Coronado (where the UDT School is located), but no lucrative offers were coming in for his art so he decided to take a commercial diving job in Louisiana. That was 1966.

"What we did was perform services for offshore drilling operations for the oil companies. It wasn't a Jacques Costeau thing, either. The complete opposite. A lot of dirty work."

"I can dig it," I said, my own memories of mucking tanks on a tanker back in the late '50s being about as gross as a panel of *Deviant Slice Funnies*. "Did you have all your own gear?"

"Most of it. I had a hose, wet suit, radio, and a mask."

"Are they still doing a lot of offshore drilling?"

"You better believe it. The crewboat rides are getting to be six and seven hours long. Hell, the oil industry pulled Louisiana right out of the stone age and put them in the 20th century."

"Did you ever find time for any college work, Barney?"

"In 1966, I tried a semester out at College of San Mateo, but I blew it off, man. Just wasn't my scene. Nothing there for me at all. I had one good life drawing class from a man by the name of Appleton. But all that Political Science and English was just a big pile of shit as far as I was concerned. I bought my own books and went to Seattle."

"Why Seattle?"

"It was a new place. I hadn't been there before. I did a lot of reading and studying there."

"What did you read?"

"Aristotle."

"What? His *Nicomachean Ethics? Politics?*"

"A lot of different things. I was really impressed with his theories about art. He said 'Art completes what nature is unable to finish.' I was always impressed with that line."

"What else did you read?"

"Lot of Ayn Rand, Spillane, London. London blew it on all his heroes in the end. Destroyed all of them."

"Himself, too. Ironic the way London died. He counted out exactly the number of sleeping pills it would take to kill him. Had it all figured out on a slip of paper that was found by his body. Not what you would consider an heroic way to die. His autobiographical character, Martin Eden, drowned."

Barney identified with London in a lot of ways. London did a lot of shitwork to support himself while he was writing. In Seattle, Barney kept his economics together by pulling chain in a lumber yard, loading cargo as a longshoreman, and he even worked for a while as a powdermonkey in an explosives yard. In 1968, he took an ammunition run to Vietnam in the Merchant Marine in Seattle. 1969 found him in Anchorage, Alaska, still following the call of the wild. There he had a good studio and he was painting full-time. "That was the leanest mother-fuckin' town you've ever been in, man. It was an all-night town, the kind of place where you can go out at four in the morning and throw down a cup of coffee." No doubt Barney was remembering being a teenager in rural Ohio where they roll up the sidewalks about ten in the evening and starve all the night people to death.

Later in 1969, Barney came to San Francisco and rented a studio near 14th Street. "I was beginning to concentrate on my craftsmanship by then. I turned out a lot of really good mistakes when I was there." But the money still wasn't coming in. Barney had worked at a foundry for a while, but he didn't want to get into that again, so he took off for Louisiana and got into his wet suit again. In 1971, he was diving off the gulf down in Texas, and it was about that time that he began to get *Armageddon* into shape. While he was in New Orleans bumming around one afternoon, he found the addresses of some of the comic book companies in a local head shop. He had nothing to lose by sending out some samples of his work, and one of those samples got him an encouraging letter from Bert Varga of *Last Gasp Eco-Funnies* in San Francisco. Finding a possible market for his art was an upper for Steele and he had finished drawing *Armageddon* by April of 1972. A less restless artist might have mailed his work, but not Barney. He packed it up and hand carried it to the company.

Armageddon was an unusual book. For one thing, Steele drew the original on vellum with Pelikan ink, using brushes and rapidograph. Not being a grad of Pratt or any other art school where he would have learned certain standard techniques about graphic art, Barney was an innocent. But not for long, because he met Larry Todd and a number of other artists who were glad to teach him. In the Bay Area among the underground cartoonists, there is a great deal of camaraderie and sharing. The artists know one another and they know how they differ from one another artistically. They are all influenced by the masters of the craft like Jack Davis, Jack Kirby, Wally Wood, Karl Barks and Walt Kelly, but there are a lot of local influences, too. A couple of artists can be political opposites and still relate to one another's artistic styles and forms of graphic presentation.

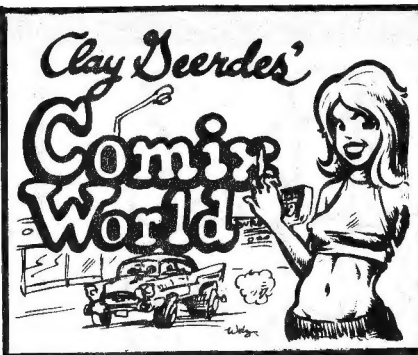
Armageddon is Barney's first comic. The lettering is rough, and the book has more dialogue than necessary, but the style is something new to the undergrounds. Steele's hero Harlan (a name, which, he tells me, is common in Ohio where he grew up) is a Philosopher-King and his mate Ruby is everywoman. Their relationship is a strange one and it is going to outrage some people and delight others.

We stopped by one afternoon to see Jaxon and show him the book and one of the first things Jaxon noticed was that Barney's characters were drawn so that the veining in their arms and legs was prominent. Few cartoonists draw veins and looking at Barney's pages one can see that they add a sense of reality and dimension to his figures. His models? Well, he used a lot of muscle magazines. "Those old beefcake mags are great on muscles. *The Ring* is good, too:" Fighters go through dozens of poses, giving as many views of the muscles as an artist needs. Some use photographic morgues. When Jaxon and Beatrice were in New York visiting with Al Williamson, he showed them some of his polaroid shots. Good idea. Take the shot and use it as a basis for the panel. Later on in the day when I was looking at Simon's copy of the second E.C. folio, I could see that most of the panels had been drawn from photographs.

At The Comic Book Store, Gary Arlington looked over the copy for *Armageddon*. "It's good," he said. "It's going to sell well." He went on to give Barney some advice about his drawing.

Steele is already into the second *Armageddon* now and later on this year he hopes to finish his novel. The book came out under the new Last Gasp title, *New Underground Comix*, and the second issue will probably appear in the same series.

Because underground comix do not have letters columns, the books tend to be a one-way form of communication, and the only way anyone can find out what others are thinking about them and the fantasies they contain is to read the rare articles which appear in fanzines and ug papers. There is a lot of public opinion and a wide variety of feelings about the comix; it just doesn't appear in print. That's logical, given the attitude of the national media toward comics in general. In 1974, there is a new readership for the ug comix, one which did not see the psychedelic world which not only gave birth to ZAP and MOTHERS OATS, but stimulated their acceptance. "Head Comix" are virgin territory to the newcomer. I lived on Ashbury Street in the Haight from 1965-1968 and I remember the way people used to react to the new art. They came to the street in their station wagons and walked along with their kids checking out the latest Wes Wilson rock poster, trying to read those cryptic letters & find out what was going on at the Fillmore that weekend. The boutiques stood out in those days because of their names and their colorful facades. Mnasidika, In-Gear, Wild Colors, Blushing Peony Skinnidippin, and the Psychedelic Shop were just a few. Folks stoned on acid or speed had no trouble reading the posters and for them the tourists were the "straights," and they were fair game for any hustle. The posters that were put in the boutique windows appeared in the ug papers as ads. The first San Francisco ORACLE came out on Sept 10, 1966, and by today's standards, it was a wretched tabloid, but subsequent issues contained art by Rick Griffin and others and are prized by those who have collected and taken care of them. Only a few poster artists shifted to comix when the ballroom scene waned--Jaxon, Irons, Griffin, and Moscoso to name a few. The comix in 1966 were done by Joel Beck. He did Lenny of Laredo, Marching Marvin: The Red Watcher, and The Profit during the period. His early art appears in Cal's Pelican.



COMIX WORLD #9. Copyright Clay Geerdes, 915 Indian Rock Rd., Berkeley, Ca 94707. $2.50 for 12 iss.

It was Beck who was well-known during 1966. Crumb had some Head Comix in print and everyone saw the pages reprinted in Berkeley BARB, but no one had tuned in on Crumb's name yet. Shelton was doing Wonder Wart-Hog in LA and it would be a couple of years before the first Freak Brothers page would appear in the LA FREEP. What I saw in many houses around Haight were Joel's Fantasy posters and the controversial Daisy Duck. Acid was still free and it was a time when hip was developing a language and life-style. People costumed themselves out of second-hand stores and strolled along playing out new identities. There were no street craftsmen selling things as there are in '74. There were a lot of guitars, tambourines, Jew's harps, recorders, and people who had no musical instruments were prone to drive us all insane by beating out the rhythms in their wrecked minds with beer cans. The Haight was noisy and colorful and incredibly stimulating, the anti-thesis of the repressed, post-McCarthy, lockstep Eisenhower fifties. The lid went back on when acid was made illegal in October, 1966. This converted all those streetfolks into instant criminals and the police came along and we were on the way to the seventies. Young folks still make the pilgrimage to the Haight. They walk down that torn and tattered skidrow and wonder where it all went & if it ever really was. If you've read Crumb, you know he was always skeptical about the Love Generation. I think he and Bob London (in Dirty Duck) captured more of the flavor than most ug cartoonists. When you consider 1974, it's a miracle all that good stuff got published at all!

MEEF 2 is all Fred Schrier. A nice head comic. Lot of visual trips. In "The Electronic Music Concert," today's audience is confronted with the music of the future. Fine Satire. Nostalgic themes include Theatre of the Absurd (1960) and Zen Buddhism (fifties). This comic is a reflection of the past and contains no contemporary references. The artist was in the Peace Corps in 1970-72 and did not see the end of the sixties the way those of us who lived here did. MEEF is 24 pages at 50¢ (Like Jay Lynch' Nard 'N Pat). Zap 7 has come out at 75¢ and ARMAGEDDON 3 at $1. We can expect all prices to be higher this year as inflation increases. Expect more nostalgia, too. The new ZAP is nothing new to regular readers, and, with the exception of the Crumb material, it has a depressing tone throughout. The heads of the artists seem to be in different places now, and the spirit of the early ZAPS is gone. I think if Crumb had had his way back when it began, ZAP might have become an anthology of the best comic art in America, but his desire to let a lot of new artists in on the trip was vetoed by S. Clay Wilson and others and, since he's not the kind of person to hassle, he just split after three issues and did titles of his own, spreading them around to different underground companies. The story is contained in the first issue of INSIDE COMICS so I won't rehash it here. * * Last Gasp Comix has reprinted ALL CANADIAN BEAVER COMICS #1. It's funny sex and anti-repression. All of the comix have been repressed in Canada. BEAVER contains work by Rand Holmes and Brent Boates.

PELIKAN DEC. 1965. p. 11.

COMIX WORLD. Copyright 1975. Clay Geerdes, 915 Indian Rock Road, Berkeley, Ca 94707. 7-22-75.

VAUGHN BODE 1941-1975

The Cheech Wizard has ascended to the astral regions. Vaughn Bodé was found dead in his room at his brother's house in Oakland, California, on Friday, July 18, 1975. Vince Bodé returned home, found Vaughn's door locked, got no answer, and broke in to find the cartoonist had been strangled to death by a device he used during meditation. A leather cord was supposed to pull tightly around the throat up to a point and then release. Bodé had used the mechanism four times previously. The fifth time some of the cloth straps caught and he was killed. A small funeral service was held at the Bodé home on Tuesday, July 22, 1975. Present were immediate family and a few close friends. On top of the closed coffin was a small statue of Cheech Wizard. The motorcade went from Oakland, Ca., to Colma, Ca., where Bodé was cremated and buried. Vaughn was 34 on the day of his funeral. One who took his astrology seriously, he would have considered it significant that the moon was full in Scorpio on the day of his death. I met Vaughn Bodé only 3 times, the first when he did his Cartoon Concert at the second Berkeley Con in April of 1974, the second at a party, and the last time I saw him was in Hamburger Mary's in San Francisco just after his return from Europe where he had been honored in Lucca, Italy, and Paris, France. Bodé was born in Syracuse, New York, July 22, 1941 at 2:22 in the afternoon (He says in "Confessions of a Cartoon Gooroo!"). He was four when the A-bomb when off over Hiroshima, twelve when Sputnik I was launched in 1953, twenty-six when the Anti-War movement picked up speed in 1965, and thirty-one before he dropped his first acid (if he's being truthful when he says Schizophrenia was his first post-acid book). Bodé attended Syracuse University in the mid-sixties, graduating with a B. F. A. While there, he roomed with Larry Todd. Leaving college, he moved to Woodstock, while Todd came to San Francisco. Bodé was a frequent contributor to fanzines, and a prolific artist at all times. He edited the first two issues of The East Village Other's tabloid Gothic Blimpworks where he gave artists like Trina Robbins their first opportunity to appear in print. At the same time, he contributed regular work to Cavalier (Deadbone Erotica, collected by Bantam in 1971). His Sun Pot was serialized in Dude in 1973. That year he sold seven books to The Print Mint in Berkeley, six of them to run as Junkwaffels, the other a reprint of The Man (drawn in 1966). Four of the Junkwaffels have been published to date. After he began to perform his Cartoon Concert, a show consisting of Vaughn projecting his panels while characterizing his lizards and machines with unique sound-effects, he started to move in several directions with his material. A puzzle was done by International Polygonics in New York. Some t-shirts were printed as was a nice hardback of his Deadbone material, and an animated movie was being discussed.

Bodé saw himself as a cartoon messiah and it may or may not be ironic that his death took place when he was 33, the traditional age when Christ was crucified. C.G.

"THEIR PRIMITIVE MINDS COULDN'T ACCEPT THE TRUTH"

-CHEECH WIZARD